

"And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through the pavilions of tender green ;

"And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate soft and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

"And the rose like a nymph to the bath address'd,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

"And the wand-like lily, which lifted up
As a Naiad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky.

"And on the stream whose inconstant bosom,
Was pranked, under boughs of embow'ring blossom,
With golden and green light slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue.

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The beginning of March is generally noted as the commencement of Spring. March is a fine poetic month, for who will deny honour and beauty and poetry to it. Not passive like the

moist-eyed April, or smiling like the queen of months—sweet May. But strong in sturdy vigour, caught from the healthful breezes of the season, and rich in golden promises of sunny days.

"The stormy March has come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies,
I hear the rattling of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies."

BRYANT.

If it be a rude and somewhat boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter, yet it awakens sensations perhaps more delicious than the two following months, for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring.

What pleasure can equal a stroll on the bank of some clear and beautiful stream on a fine spring day ; the scenery,—the birds—the flowers all contributing to delight us.

"Lo ! where the rosy bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long expected flowers,
And wake the purple year ;
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring ;
While whispering pleasures as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky,
Their gathered fragrance fling."

GRAY.